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SERIES OF THREE SERMONS.

NO. I.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE, AS SEEN IN THE REVOLUTION OF NATIONS.

BY JACOBS.

"Thus saith the Lord God: Remove the Diadem, and take off the crown; * * * exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, until he come whose right it is: and I will give it him."—Ezekiel xxi. 26, 27:

No individual ever uttered a sublimer truth than did the Psalmist David, when he said of the Great Spirit, "The clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." He who traces *action* to its originating power, and seeks to find a *cause* for each effect in the history of *nature* and of *nations*, will meet this truth at every step in the progress of his investigation. The hand of an *ordaining, ruling* power, will be distinctly seen at all times, as was the mysterious hand which wrote Belshazzar's destiny upon the palace-wall; but he whose hand it is, is engirt with clouds of mystery. *He*, with his plans and purposes, to us *unseen, unknown*,—at times, *fearful* and full of evil to the world, appears at length "educing good from ill," order from elements confused and lawless, and life from death. There comes, at times, a day when all is darkness;—fearful are the clouds that gather around us, and it seems that when the threatened tempest sweeps along, it will not spare a single relic of the treasures we have held most dear. And oft we wait not many days, before our fears become reality, and we stand out before the world, stripped of our wealth of fame or gold, and feeling that the day which seals our ruin has arrived. And yet that tempest may have blest us more than *years* of sunshine, and that day of want and destitution may bring us joys and treasures greater and purer than prosperity can give. The hand that guides in all events of life,—that holds the powers of nature, and disposes them to work the will of Deity, though it may seem to lead where desolation reigns, will prove its faithfulness by guiding on from night to-day, from storm to sunshine, and from trials' conflict to the morn of victory and peace.

This guiding hand of an *unseen, mysterious Providence*, present and active in all the changes of individual fortune, in all the changes and revolutions of nations, and in all the varied struggles which the universe has ever witnessed for progress and improvement,—this guiding hand has led the way through *cloud*, and *darkness*, and *tempest*, to the day of clearer skies, of brighter promise, and of more perfect joys.

To follow its directing power, to move onward the way its finger pointed, men and nations have been *oft-times* fearful; and they have lifted their eyes to the heavens, if they might discern the *face* of Him whose hand pointed in silence their way of life, and learn from its expression of anger or love, the nature of their uncertain destiny. But they have been able to learn but little more than Israel's sweet singer has taught them in the words already quoted. They have been unable to snatch

the scroll on which his grand designs are written; but by following on, obedient to his will, the end of every *trial-way* has been a grand display of the righteousness of his judgment.

This, as seen in the termination of *one* conflict, as realized in the beautiful goal to which many a fearful way has led, has given confidence and hope to support and cheer the spirit, when again the veil of mystery has darkened the future, and the guiding hand has still pointed the *onward way*.

Such has been the experience of men and nations these thousands of years; and to the enlightened and observing mind, the problem of providence is now so clearly seen, and so fully comprehended, that we seem to rest with confidence in *one* result, sure to be realized as the consummation of every mysterious *change, fortune* or *revolution* we are made to experience or witness in life. That result is *progress*. A step towards the promised day of better things.

We purpose in the present discourse to bring up before you, my friends, a few of the evidences which testify to this progress which the *world*, the nations, and the individual have made, are now making, and are destined to realize in the future. If we follow truth, and reach her goal in the investigation of this subject, we need to start with this settled conviction. *God's ways are not man's ways*. "He worketh all things after the council of his own will;" but "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than man's ways, and his thoughts than man's thoughts." With this fact in mind, let us go back far into the night of buried ages, and from their tomb-stones, gathering up their history, witness therein the omnipresence of that guiding hand which has so mysteriously wrought out already, in no small degree, the plan of progress in the natural, the social, the scientific and religious world. Turn we first to the physical *universe*, and look enquiringly upon the *changes*, the *convulsions*, the upheavings and overturnings, out of which have grown the present beauty, variety and bounty of the earth. There was a time when the elements of this planet existed in a state of molten lava, sweeping on in its long journey around the sun, it was a billowy sea of surging fire. But the action of the ages so far changed its nature as to cool and consolidate its surface, forming the lower strata of the rock which now constitutes the crust of the earth. Looking upon the earth at this period, man might be hopeful of its becoming by the action of ages more, a fit residence for the lower orders of creation. But soon his hopes all vanish, and he trembles to witness the convulsions that seem to shake the planet to its very centre. The central sea of fire heaves and swells, till it rends the rocks that confine its billows, sending up through the yawning caverns streams of melted lava, throwing up the broken strata into mountains of fearful height, whose sides are laved in the breaking surges of the molten sea beneath. Thus, *for ages more*, the fearful work continues, and human reason looking at the isolated scene, laments the wreck of its ruins, but sees in all the fearful change going forward, no elements of good. Ages more are numbered, and lo the clouds of mystery are parted, and in the power which rent the earth asunder, and seemingly effected its ruin, the agency is seen which divided the sea from the dry land, which gave the ocean its bed, which traced the channels of the mighty rivers and prepared the fertile soil.

Here then is progress—a mighty stride in the prepa-

ration of the earth to become the dwelling-place of man. But let us forget not how this progress was secured—that it was born amid the tremulous throes and convulsive agitations of the earth, that 'twas cradled upon the heaving bosom of a molten sea, and fed during the paroxysms of volcanic activity, by the burning lava of a thousand craters.

From this period, we pass on a few centuries, and that portion of the earth which has been thrown up from the waters, is covered by mighty forests. Trees of which we can form no adequate conception, so enormous was their size, covered the plains and crowned each height where *change* had spread the fertile soil. Within these forests roamed the Sivatherium, the Mastodon, the Rhinoceros, the Elephant, and many other ruminating animals, the largest and most powerful that ever existed upon the earth. To them, the earth, at this period, was peculiarly adapted, but for other animals, and especially for man, it had not become a fitting home. A mighty change was requisite to this end, and in its time it came. The earth trembled again to its very centre; the mountains reeled to and fro, and came crashing and thundering down into the raging flood that was sweeping over the earth, as with the power of omnipotence. The forests fell like leaves before the tempest, and were swept away like straws upon the angry billows, to be buried in the distant vallies, beneath the sediments of the troubled waters. The change was one of desolation and of ruin. Ruin from which the wisdom of man could have seen no indications of approaching good. But God's ways are not man's ways, nor is his vision limited to the isolated present. That revolution was but the preparation the earth was making to receive and welcome the human family to its home and its bounties. The treasuring up of those inexhaustible mines of coal, which serve our wants in a thousand ways, the sweeping away of those decayed masses of vegetation which rendered the atmosphere unfit for human respiration, and the preparing of the soil to bring forth such productions, as would answer to the wants of its expected Lord and Master. Nor was the change too sudden, or the preparation too quickly made. For scarcely had the revolution ended, when the mysterious hand moulded from clay the human form, and bade a child of God to have dominion over all the earth. Here again is progress manifest. Progress, to arrive at which, the earth passed through its second baptism, scarcely less fearful than the first.

Such my friends, are some of the examples in nature, (to the reality of which Geology bears *incontrovertible* testimony,) some of the examples, I repeat which show that *all* events are guided by the hand of him, who shall overturn and overturn, until his plan is perfected, his *will* accomplished, and his *justice* and *judgment* made known unto all the nations. Instructed by this illustration of the means employed by the overruling Providence, to accomplish great and benevolent purposes, we will now turn our attention to the marks of progress in the revolution of nations.

The first government which was instituted among men was that which was denominated *patriarchal*. It was, in truth a family Government, each head of a family or tribe being its ruler. There were the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and they were the rulers of their households, which consisted of all their descendants. In its nature and its operation for a certain period, this government was indeed worthy of admiration. The ruler was the affectionate Father of the generations around him, the ruled were bound together by the endearing ties of a *common brotherhood*. Their interests were *common* interests, their object was a *common* object; and for many years their government seemed most admirably adapted to all the exigences of social and political economy. Looking back upon that government, from the present age, which claims the advantage of six thousand years experience, we can but dwell with ever-increasing admiration on *some* of its elements, upon which no gov-

ernment has ever improved. We can but feel that our laws would be measurably sanctified by the presence of that paternal affection and filial reverence, and sympathy which characterized the Patriarchal dispensation; and yet, this system had in itself the seeds of its own destruction, which began their growth as early as the day when by confounding their language, God sent the descendants of Noah from the plains of Shinar, to inhabit the four quarters of the earth. We mark this as the beginning of conflicting human interests. As many divisions as were made in that company of Babel-builders, so many were the separate tribes, each of which must have its distinct *patriarch, chieftain* or *ruler*. Separate thus by a law of necessity, the kindred tie was weakened, and selfishness began its reign, *companions of jealous and envy*. Then came contention and threatened violence, and next the sword. Friendly tribes united for mutual aid, and thus, at length became one tribe, casting aside their family distinctions, and calling their chieftain King. These changes had been made so early as the time when Abraham went to Egypt to escape the famine of Canaan, 326 years after the tribes had been dispersed. He then found the first of the Pharaoh's upon the throne of Egypt. In a short time nine other kingdoms are established and the patriarchies are reduced to those of Abraham and Lot. Lot's descendants are soon divided into the families of Moab and Ammon, which in the process of time, erect themselves into separate kingdoms, so that the family of Abraham stands alone among the nations in supporting the patriarchal statutes. This family, also, as we learn from history, was the only one which remembered the Lord to regard his requirements and worship before him. The others had forgotten the pre-server of their *great ancestry*, Noah and his family, and had bowed down to idols in all the blindness of heathen superstition.

Who now is the Prophet to tell us of the future? What human eye can pierce the fearful clouds that gather round that lonely family, threatening its overthrow and with it, all knowledge of the Infinite? Why has God permitted the nations thus to forget his requirements and his name, and why, by a strange providence, does he now send the last of the patriarchs, with all his descendants, into a slavery of 400 years beneath a heathen Monarchy? As we go back to that age, but one ray of light breaks in upon the *felt* darkness which overspreads the world, and settles down upon the nations, as if in endless night. That ray is the divine promise that in the seed of Abraham all nations and families of the earth shall be blessed. Alas! how feeble the light of that promise to the unaided eye of human reason. The descendants of those to whom it was made, were few in number, driven out from their own country by the arm of famine, and made the slaves of a cruel monarchy, which neither *obeyed* or *knew* the God of their Fathers. To the mind of man, which contemplates the changes ending in this result, there seems no ground of hope for brighter days. Israel groans beneath the burdens imposed by her taskmasters, and the Pharaoh's are *jealous* of their *Hebrew treasure*. The promise can never be realized and the sons of the Patriarch's may sit down in despair, and permit the name of the Living God to perish with the wreck of individual memory. But see! That guiding hand still points towards the future, and the promise of God is not revoked. An awful edict goes forth from the throne of Egypt, and the enslaved Hebrews are filled with agonizing grief. Their measure of oppression and persecution is full, and from the midst of this greatest of all their calamities, the Son of their deliverance is born, and educated for his glorious mission. The voice of *Pharaoh*, which filled all hearts with consternation as it commanded that every male child of the Hebrews should be thrown into the river and destroyed at its birth; was but the voice of God, commanding the events which raised up the great Law-Giver, and the chosen deliverer of his people. Through the clouds of a mysterious pro-

ence, the rays of hope come pouring in upon the
tive host, and they arise to depart from their bitter
edage. But how shall they go forth? Shall they
ee in peace and depart with the ready consent, and the
ssing of their king. However man might have dic-
ted, such was not the decision of God. They went
, while plagues of hail and darkness tormented the
gyptians, while their rivers were turned to blood, while
pestilence spread its shadow of death over them,
l the first-born in every dwelling was smitten down by
destroying angel. Their song of deliverance was
funeral knell of the great Pharaoh, and all his host.
ew days pass, and we look again upon the sons of
mise. They are encamped around Mt. Sinai, and
y number 600,000 men, all believers in the living and
e God. Their slavery has preserved them a distinct
ople, and increased them from 70 souls to be a great
l mighty nation. Their slavery made necessary the
acles which God wrought through his servant Moses,
ffect their deliverance, and those miracles had taught
m lessons of God's greatness and power, so indispen-
sibly requisite to their obedience, and which they could
ve learned in no other way. They are now before
e mountain upon the summit of which God is com-
mning with their leader, and inscribing their laws upon
bles of stone.

Here then is progress manifest. Never before had
s world witnessed so great an army, who were believ-
s in the God of Israel. Never before had any people
ceived the divine commandments, and the sacred laws
hich Israel shall now receive. Never before had the
ctions of the earth seen such displays of infinite pow-
as had been manifest in the deliverance of the He-
ews. The face of a mighty army is now turned to-
wards the land of promise, the pillar of fire by night,
d the cloud by day, is given to be their conductor, and
th the holy law to govern them, as a chosen people,
oses gives the command, and Israel moves forward.
better day is this than the world had ever known. A
y brighter with promise, and more replete with joy
an God's children had ever before witnessed. A day
hich dawned upon Israel from the necessary darkness
heathen idolatry—a day into which they were usher-
l by their own and their greatest calamities. Their
overnment is more perfect than that of any previous
ge or nation, their religion excels all others in its beau-
y, its truthfulness and power, and nothing is more evi-
ent than the progress which God has wrought out by
ose very agencies, before which man trembled, and be-
ath the action of which he sat down in despair.

Let us now go forward, and witness the changes that
sher in another epoch. But first, it is necessary that
e form a true idea of the people whom God has chosen
e be the depositories of his law, and to open the way
or the promised blessing through the seed of it. They
ere a people just emerged from a slavery into which
ey were born, rude, superstitious and ignorant. A
eople, who, though they were blessed with *better* laws,
wiser leader and a *diviner* religion than the world had
ver before known, were nevertheless hard to govern, a
ebellious and stiff-necked generation. And yet, as I be-
ore said, they were far in advance of every other peo-
le. Their law was above them, calling them up to a
higher and better life; while beneath and around them
ere the seductions of idolatry and wickedness, to whose
oices they were prone continually to listen. Looking
t them in this light, we see that the field for improve-
ent stretches on *far* in the distance before them. The
pillar of fire arises from the tabernacle, and the jour-
ney to Canaan is renewed. Around and around they are
urned in the wilderness, by that mysterious hand which
guides their way, and when a score and ten long years
ave passed, they are still afar off from their destined
goal. They complained at the long delay, they murmur-
ed at God, and threatened their leader. But God was
rying, was proving, was preparing them for their mis-

sion among the nations. Forty years, and they cross the
river Jordan, and stand upon promised land. They
overturn and drive out the nations before them, conquer-
ing in the name of the Lord. The Canaanites, the Hit-
tites, the Perizzites, the Hivites, the Amorites and the
Jebusites, were overthrown, the walled cities taken by
storm, and the name of Israel and Israel's God become
a terror to all the nations. Thus far the work goes on
as man would have decreed. It seems that soon the
heathen tribes must all give way before the conquering
Hebrew, and all of Canaan be theirs. But now the
clouds of mystery begin to gather, and the future is dark
and fearful. Victory has corrupted the army of Israel,
and many have become polluted by Idolatry. Joshua, their
great leader and captain dies, and the king of Midian
conquers. Seven years roll past, and penitence per-
forms its work, when Gideon is raised up to deliver again
his captive people. The chosen few with their pitch-
ers and lamps, with their watch-word, "the sword of the
Lord and of Gideon," put the sons of Midian to flight,
and again are the masters of their cities. A few years,
and the Philistines are victorious. Again Israel is free,
and again the Philistines are their conquerors and op-
pressors. At this period, the hope of Israel seems al-
most to expire. Eighteen years they are the servants of
a heathen nation, and although they kept the law sacred,
and remembered the name of their deliverer, they were
not kept pure from the influence of heathen dogmas.
At length Sampson arises in his strength, and the Philis-
tines are vanquished. Now comes the clamoring of Is-
rael for a King. The evils of a monarchy are describ-
ed to them, but they are determined, and Saul is placed
upon the throne. At one time he seems firmly establish-
ed, but anon and his whole kingdom trembles, and the
sceptre is well nigh wrested from his hand. To-day the
Philistines smite his borders, and to-morrow internal dis-
ensions threaten his ruin. The reign of David and Sol-
omon his son, secured to Israel a greater degree of pros-
perity than ever before the kingdom had enjoyed, and its
fame was known to all the world. Peace reigned for
many years, the arts were cultivated, and the name of the
Lord was had in veneration by all the people. But Is-
rael could not endure prosperity. Even Solomon him-
self was corrupted by his riches and world-wide fame,
and his people, following his example, forsook the rites
of the magnificent temple he had erected upon Moriah,
and went after other Gods. Solomon dies, and then fol-
lows the crash of the mighty kingdom. Nebuchadnezz-
zar, with his mighty armies, falls upon Jerusalem, burns
its temples, throws down its walls, and gates of brass,
and of iron, and burns its palaces with fire. He cap-
tures the thousands which the sword does not destroy,
and carries them down to Babylon. The Prophets mourn
over the desolation of their people, and weep with them
in chains. Elijah flies to the Desert, and cries unto God
in the bitterness of his spirit, "The children of Israel
have forsaken thy covenants, thrown down thine altars,
and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I,
only am left, and they seek my life to take it away." So
dark and fearful were those days, that even this great
and holy Prophet felt himself standing alone at the altar
of the living God, and fearing, lest he, the last of the
prophets should fall before his enemies. But God said
unto him, I have yet two in Israel who have not bowed
the knee unto Baal.

I cannot dwell to trace out every change in Israel's
fortune but suffice it to say that Nehemiah, a faithful ser-
vant of the Most High, rebuilt Jerusalem, and led his
people up from their captivity. This success, or turn of
fortune, as it would seem, was not the work of chance.
The struggles of Israel for freedom, and the valor of her
armies had awakenned the spirit of liberty in other na-
tions, and the attention of the Kings of Persia was, for
a long time drawn away from the movements of their
captives, in striving to quell the fires of Grecian free-
dom. And scarcely had Xerxes with his army of 5,000,

000 men returned from his discomfeiture at the pass of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and his Spartan band, fought so bravely beneath the shadow of Persian arrows, before the walls of Jerusalem were again complete, and Israel again in possession of her city. But Israel's glory had faded amid the trials through which she had passed, and the continual alternations of her fortune. The revolt of her ten tribes, and the division of the kingdom under Rehoboam, was the first great calamity. Then followed the idolatry of the ten tribes, their captivity and dispersion among the nations, so that now, in the days of Ezra and Nehemiah, we know that but two of the tribes exist together as a separate people. These are the tribes of *Judah* and *Benjamin*. The history of the other ten is, from this time, so blended with that of the other nations that it cannot be traced. But, as I before said, this dispersion of Israel was not without its effects upon the nations. It spread abroad the history of Israel's victories achieved in the name of that God whom the nations did not know. Hence the conqueror sought to gain the favor of the Gods of every nation, that he might secure their powerful aid in the day of battle.

It was at this period that Alexander the great arose and founded the Grecian kingdom. He was the first to adopt the plan of which we have just spoken, and heathen that he was, he went even to Jerusalem, in extending his patronage to the Gods, and offered sacrifice in the temple of the Most High. The Gods of the nations he conquered were treated with a uniform reverence, and their temples considered sacred. In fact, each conquest added new deities to the vocabulary of the Grecian Gods. Alexander by this policy, and the power of his arms became the master of the world, and the patron of all the deities. But he gave to them all, not only the Grecian name, but the character of the original deities of that nation. They were considered as the avengers of crime. The grand tribunal of retributive justice. The power to guard the sanctity of oaths. Anon, and Alexander perished, and this mighty kingdom was shattered in fragments by the political convulsions that followed. Shock after shock ensued, and the social fabric of the nations was shaken to its very center. Hannibal, Anthony, Pompey, Caesar and Antiochus the great, were born, had each their day of glory and expired amid this fearful strife. Egypt, Macedon, and Greece, are rent as by some earthquake power;—Babylon, Carthage, Alexandria, and Jerusalem are taken and retaken, while amid this convulsion arises the Roman republic, soon to be the Roman Empire.

Let us now pause, and ask, for one moment, where are the favored people of the Lord! What hope now remaineth to Israel, that in their seed all nations shall be blessed. What light illumines their way, and where is gone their star of hope? Alas, to human conception, Israel had never seen so dark so fearful a day as this. The Romans are their masters, the last of their kings is soon to leave his throne, and Judea is to become a Roman Province. Unholy feet tread the courts of their sacred temple, and in the distance rumble the thunderings that threaten soon to shake the corner stones of all their institutions. What progress has been made by all the changes, the struggles, the convulsions, and revolutions of 1400 years? The casual observer, the superficial thinker, answers, *no progress*. The day when God communed with Moses upon Sinai, was brighter with promises of good, than was the day when from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, from the shores of Britain and the borders of the German forests, to the sands of the African Desert, the whole of the nations were consolidated into one great Empire and made the subjects of one government. So thought the tributary Jews, as they sat down in their sadness to lament the glories of the past. So thought the Shepherds upon the plains of Judea, until the announcement and song of the angels burst upon their ears—so thought the wise men of the

East until they came and stood over the spot where slept the infant Savior. The clouds of mystery are now breaking and rolling away, and from the convulsions of States and Empires which have been, we see the advancement of the race, the necessary night which introduces the Gospel day. Not to notice the improvements wrought out by the earlier conflicts of the nation let us look for a moment upon the results of the Roman conquest. In its train came civilization with all its blessings. The lava tide of savage ferocity and military ambition which burst forth in these convulsive heaving and overturnings of States and Kingdoms, became, at length, the fertile soil where sprang forth a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The change of dynasties accelerated the march of improvement. The arts were carried into distant and barbarous regions, upon the shield of the warrior. The sciences were demanded for practical uses, and were cultivated even within the camps of the conquering legions. And Agriculture went, with its blessings, to nations that before had never known plenty, much less of the abundance which the harvest brings. This is one feature of the progress wrought out of the darkness of mystery, by Him who will overturn all things, and overturn until the perfect day shall come.

But the great feature of this progress is yet to be noticed. This is seen in the changes wrought in the religious rites and religious toleration of the nations. The Roman power adopted the same method of patronizing the Gods of the conquered nations, as did the Greeks under Alexander. All the foreign deities were ranked in peaceable subordination under the great Jupiter of the Capitol, until, at length the Gods of all the nations assembled in the annual Synod of the Pantheon, and looked each other in the face. This was a mighty work for the conqueror; effect; a work not without its still greater and nobler object. For by destroying the religious intolerance of the heathen nations, by wiping away the differences existing between the Macedonian, the Syrian, the Egyptian and the Persian, by merging the religions of the several nations into each other, and patronizing them all under one government, the way was paved for the coming of Jesus and the triumphs of his more glorious doctrine. But these changes had wrought out a noble work in the wants of the human soul also. Of the Universal soul all the comprehensiveness of its great unity. As improvement followed in the steps of revolution, Rome began to deify her own virtues. Statues were erected to modesty, constancy, faith, hope, courage, patriotism and peace, and those most remarkable for these virtues were called upon to consecrate these statues. Here was a lifting up of the soul; a striving after something which all their other deities could not bestow. For time the worship of their hearts seemed to sanctify the new deities, but soon they were felt to be but cold abstractions, and finally the whole system of idol worship ceased to command the active veneration of the people, and the soul aspired for something which the Pantheon could not afford. Philosophy was tried, but it would not fill this void. The mysteries were tried, but they could do no more than to shadow forth the truth, the soul was longing to grasp and realize as its own. All things are now ready; the nations are prepared and are waiting as in breathless anxiety, and now the star of Bethlehem arises, and pours its heavenly radiance through the breaking clouds of a dissolving night. This star has come, at length, the majestic orb of eternal truth, and this truth becomes the life and soul of the great body of the Roman Empire.

Here then is progress. Here has dawned the greatest event in the history of our race. The son of God has come to rule and to save the world.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Avoid the impious, for their breath kills; but hate them not, for who knows but that God hath already changed their hearts.

"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?"

BY MRS LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ye lock the vault—ye bar the tomb—
And to their keeper debar
Commit the precious treasures, borne
Upon the sable bier—
But that which made your idol dear,
The essence so refined,
That work the sigh, the smile, the tear,
The *Soul* we may not bind.

Again ye come—the hoarded gem
O'er which ye reared with care
The marble arch, the fretted shrine,
The sculptured column fair,
Where is it? ah, the fearful change!
The flesh hath mocked your trust,
The bone its fellow bone forsook,
And mouldering sank to dust.

Thus o'er the close-sealed tomb, where first
The Lord of glory slept,
The Roman soldiers, still and stern,
Their sleepless vigil kept,
Dawn came—the affrighted watchman quailed;
The buried form had fled—
And grieved affection vainly sought
The living 'mid the dead.

Original.

NON-COMMITTAL CHRISTIANS.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts. 26: 28.

BY REV. W. W. DEAN.

There are great numbers, especially in this country, who, like Agrippa, are convinced of the truth of Christianity, but who are prevented by other considerations, foreign from its truth, from uniting with Christians to extend its influence in the world. I do not allude to the sceptical, nor to those who have not made up their minds upon the matter—to unbelievers in any sense—but to those who really have a faith in Christ, and who express their convictions in private, to friend and foe. This class of persons are honest, and have the reputation among men of faithfully discharging their duties. Now, is it not their duty to unite with Christians and thus publicly countenance before the whole world that which they believe in their hearts to be true? "God," says a late writer, "does not only hold us responsible for the effect of what we do, or teach, or for acts of control and government, but quite as much for the effect of *our being what we are*. As in the family circle children catch the spirit of the life of the parent, and for this the latter is responsible." So in society, our duty comprehends the effect of the position which we occupy, no less than of what we do. I wish in a few words, to point out some of the ways in which this non-committalism, of the class referred to, hinders the progress of the truth. And as it best agrees with the object for which I write, permit me to use the form of direct address.

1. The power to spread any doctrines in the world, other things being equal, always follows the ratio of numbers. That is, the greater the number of believers the farther will their influence extend. Like the snow-balls that we used to roll in our youth, the larger we got our ball, the faster would it collect the snow. So, in propagating the truths of Christianity, the more there are that hold them, the more will they elicit or command attention, and the faster will converts be multiplied. Now by standing where you do, you are giving the influence of your numbers, names, and characters, to weaken the power of the friends of your own principles, while you strengthen the opposition that they already meet with in the world. As little as you intend it, you thus exemplify in the course you pursue, the expression of our Savior, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

2. You hinder the progress of Christianity in another respect. This must spread, if at all, in this country, by converting the sceptical and unbelieving. One of the greatest obstacles to their conversion lies in the comparison, which they are continually drawing, between the moral conduct of the church or professed believers, and that of non-professors. By remaining where you are, you do much to obliterate the outward marks of the inward influence of the truth. You lead the unbeliever to suppose that your virtues are the unassisted fruits of human nature instead of the effects, which they really are, of the christian principles which you cherish in private, and by which your lives are regulated. You blot out that visible sign by which christians "are set upon a hill," and manifest their faith. Sceptics are not inclined to impute christianity to those who do not claim it, hence the conclusion is natural, from observing no difference in the life, between yourselves and professors, that our faith has no power to make men better, that it is, therefore, worthless. You thus stand in the way, and intercept the rays of the sun of Righteousness in their progress to illuminate and sanctify the world.

3. The effect of your position is such, as to weaken, in an important degree, the moral power of the Gospel over all that receive it, both within and without the church. The authority of the precepts of the Savior, as far as their practical influence is concerned, does not exist in the abstract fact that they are right, or that God has commanded us to obey them; but as God works through means, by which he gives them authority, is the voice of the community, publicly expressed on all occasions, echoed and re-echoed from every side, that these precepts are right and should be obeyed. It is this that makes public sentiment, and the stronger this sentiment is, and the more frequently it is proclaimed, the more perfect will be the obedience of all classes. So far as you refrain from professing your faith you acknowledge no obligation to Christianity, you take upon yourselves no responsibility to discharge its duties, you express no conviction of its truth, you contribute nothing to extend its sway over the life; and when you contrast what, in these and other respects you fail to do, with all your might accomplish by openly and publicly avowing your convictions, by committing yourselves unequivocally to the cause of truth, and publicly taking sides with others for the furtherance of its interests, you will not only be convinced of your duty, but gather abundant motives to perform it.

May we all "search and try our ways," that both those who make a profession and those who do not, may understand their duties more clearly and discharge them more faithfully.

Fall River, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers on the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its deep chamber—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in its light—upon his works he has written, "None of us liveth to himself." And probably were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest creature that breathes—which may not, in some way or other minister to the happiness of some living creature. We admire and praise the flower that best answers the end for which it was created, and the tree that bears fruit the most rich and abundant; the star that is most useful in the heavens we admire the most. And is it not reasonable that man, to whom the whole creation, from the flower up to the spangled heavens, all minister—man, who has power of conferring

deeper misery and higher happiness than any being on earth—man, who can act like God if he will; is it not reasonable that he should live for the noble end of living—not for himself, but for others?

THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

New-York :

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

A WEEK IN PHILADELPHIA.

Having been desired to attend the ordination of Br. Carney, in Philadelphia, and to exchange the following Sabbath with Br. Thomas, we embraced the opportunity that was presented, to make an effort in that city, in behalf of the College. The weather was extremely warm, the thermometer ranging on several days, about ninety-six, and the task of calling upon the friends, hard and wearying. In more than one sense, we found *warm* friends, there, the heat being so excessive, as to render it impossible even for those who had nothing to do, to find a comfortable place. We think we never suffered so much from the heat, as we did on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The streets of Philadelphia all run in right angles; and consequently, one part of them, at all hours of the day, were fully exposed to the heat of the blazing sun. Besides, Philadelphia is an immense City; each house has attached to it a large yard; it is not a city of mere bricks and stones; its three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants are not all huddled together in a little enclosure. A dozen of such cities as Boston would not have land enough to make one city like Philadelphia. Its streets are interminable, or as a transcendentalist would say, they stretch off into the infinite. But it was not their length alone which wearied us; they are perfectly straight; they have not a single curvature to hide from your view the wearying prospect before you. Besides, its streets are numbered differently from any other city we ever visited. Its even numbers are not all on one side, and its odd numbers on the other. Beginning, therefore, at the head of a street having a thousand houses, you must pass four hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, before you reach the house numbered five hundred. This so often doubled the expected distance of our walk, that we began almost to dislike that which in itself is well enough. There is another respect in which Philadelphia differs from New York and Boston. Its buildings have a remarkable uniformity in their appearance. It has not fine houses and old hovels standing side by side. Neither have its houses that variety in architecture which will be found in New York and Boston. They all look alike; they all have white marble steps, and board shutters, painted white on the windows of the first story. You may walk the city week after week, and you will find everywhere the same Quaker-looking houses. They are handsome, very handsome, but still they weary the eye. An occasional granite or red sand-stone stoop, if not half as pretty as white marble, would add to the beauty of the city, because it would give it more variety in its appearance.

From the foregoing description, we presume that no one will infer that we dislike Philadelphia. All things considered, we think it the handsomest of our large cities. Its streets are wide and beautifully shaded with trees; its houses are handsome, and have fine yards; its stores are spacious and commodious; its several parks are beautifully arranged and shaded by a great variety of magnificent trees; its Banks, Custom-House, Athenaeum and Charitable Institutions, are very splendid. Philadelphia has a great number of Charitable Institutions, many of which are richly endowed, and are the means of doing great good. The Girard College is a building of un-

equaled magnificence. We had frequently read descriptions of it; but we had no conception of its grandeur, and architectural beauty. Its vast dimensions; its immense and lofty columns; its rich windows and its spacious doors, make its external appearance far superior to any building we ever saw. There are four out-buildings connected with the College, two on the eastern and two on the western side. These front north and south, and stand on a range with the College. Though each of these buildings measures 52 feet in width, and 125 feet in length, and is three stories high, with a basement of 7 feet above the ground, they appear, in consequence of the vast dimensions of the College, to be very small. The College and the other buildings are constructed of white marble.

There are now in the College one hundred pupils. Arrangements will soon be made to receive more; and in a few years it will, no doubt contain six hundred. The lads were neatly, though plainly dressed. Judging from their deportment, as they were playing in the extensive College grounds, they are under a wholesome, yet mild discipline. No one seemed to feel himself in a strait jacket. The matron is a lady of very superior mind, and, we judge, of fine attainments.

What a monument is this College! The memory of Girard is indeed immortal! His bequests were wisely made. To the Pennsylvania Hospital he gave \$30,000; to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb \$20,000; to the Orphan Asylum \$10,000; to the Public Schools \$10,000; to the city for the purchase of fuel for the poor, \$10,000; to the Society for the relief of Masters of Ships, their widows and children \$10,000; to the Masons \$20,000; to Passyunk township, for a school, \$6,000, to each sea Captain, in his employ, \$1500; to all persons bound to him as apprentices or servants, each \$500; to the city \$500,000 for its general improvement. Such are some of the bequests of Girard, besides the amount given for the College. John Jacob Astor gave to New York a meagre sum for a library!

The condition of Universalism in Philadelphia is not so good as we wish it were. The Lombard street Society is strong and contains a large number of excellent families, besides many men of wealth and distinction. We consider it one of the best in our denomination. Its financial condition is probably better than that of any other. We were greatly pleased with all its members on whom we called. They received us very kindly, and with one or two exceptions, they all thought a College would be of great service to our denomination. All who entertained such an opinion, and had the means, subscribed, and perhaps as liberally as could be expected. We feel very well satisfied with the result of our week's hard labor; and very grateful indeed for the kind and encouraging attentions we received. Under the ministry of Br. Moore the Lombard st. Society was united and prosperous, and it deeply regretted to have him leave. Br. Thomas has succeeded him. No man can ask for stronger friends than he has in Philadelphia; and we are certain that the Society will prosper under his ministry.

We saw but few of the Callowhill St. Society. Its Church is now closed, and an effort is being made to relieve it of its financial embarrassments. We hope and trust that the effort will be successful. Br. Thomas is giving it his aid, and is not only willing to labor for it, but to give for it. The Church is a fine building, and well located, and we trust that the friends of the cause in the city, will soon rescue it from all its embarrassments.

The object of our visit compelled me to decline many courtesies that were tendered to us; and though the friends may not need any apology, we feel constrained to say that their kindnesses are duly appreciated, and will ever be remembered with gratitude.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM BR. BALCH.

No. III.

FINTONA, COUNTY TYRON, IRELAND, }
May 27, 1848.

BR. EDITORS:—For the first time, since stopping on this beautiful land, and looking upon its wretched, degraded, and oppressed population, I find myself at leisure to indite an article for our "excellent" paper. My whole time has been occupied in seeing what I never saw before, and I pray God I may never see again—scenes of destitution and suffering, such as we have never imagined, in our land of abundance, could possibly exist in any part of God's earth. To describe what I have seen is impossible, and could I succeed in any approximation to the truth I should not be credited. England may boast of her freedom, of her glory, of her philanthropy, of her abolishment of slavery, as much as she will, Ireland is a living witness, or rather, a *starving* testimony of her monstrous wickedness, oppression, and cruelty. She has, at the present moment, 30,000 armed men, hireling soldiers, stationed in different parts of this country, mostly in the south, but some in every principal town, to keep the people in subjection. To this vast array should be added 12,000 policemen, who meet us at every turn, in every hamlet, and every street of the cities, who gaze at us when we enter in, and watch us till we go out. The most striking feature of every town is its *Bar-racks*, *Gaol*, *Poor-house*, and *Beggars*. These are seen prominent, every where. All connected with the former and the policemen, look as if they were well fed, while the oppressed die of hunger. We have not made a stop in any place, or left it, without being beset with beggars, of all ages and conditions, asking for a "happenny" (half-peenny.) To give to one is to call forty more around us. I had a fair specimen of this the first morning after landing. I had with me a bag of ginger cakes, provided for "sea sickness." As that danger was past for the present, I thought I would distribute them. So, after taking my seat on the coach, I gave a few to a poor old woman who asked me for something. Immediately twenty others came flocking round like vultures pouncing upon carrion. There were old men and women in rags, boys and girls, and even young women, shoeless, hatless, and almost without clothes scrambling upon the coach wheels, reaching out their hands, with a "Please sir," and "May God bless ye, and give ye long life." May Almighty God return ye safe; "May God reward ye in heaven," earnestly expressed on all sides. One old lady managed to get some three times, solemnly protesting she had not received a "single *bish-cake*, at all," when I knew she had for she was the first to whom I gave any. This was but a sample of the many scenes witnessed since. But to my journal.

My last, if I rightly remember, left me somewhere along the shore, either in the "Hooker" or just out of it, on the land at Kinsale. Well, we soon got introduced to Irish society and Irish customs, though, at first, exceedingly odd to us. For instance, at K. we called for tea at the "Royal George." In a few minutes dishes were set on the table in the room where we were, the teapot, a loaf of bread, and four small pieces of butter, were brought in. The tea was put into the pot and water poured over it, when we were told "tea was ready." In the morning our bill was made out, tea for four, 6s; Beds 10s: breakfast 8s, (like the tea, except two eggs were added for each,) House maid 2s, Boots 1s. This paid, and about to start, we were called upon by both "servant and boots," *in person*, for pay for themselves protesting they receive no pay but by their "chances." Such has been the claim every where as

up. After paying our bill, in which charge is made for servants, we are beset by the servants themselves.

We rode to Cork, 19 miles, in two hours, and spent the day in looking over that old town, and its environs, under the guidance of a gentleman who, "guessing" we were Americans, kindly offered his services as our guide. After doing us good service in that capacity he took us home to "lunch" with him. He afterwards rode out to "Blarney Castle," six miles, in a car, a good vehicle, as much like a two wheel cab, the top taken off and then turned inside out; so that two passengers can sit on each side, back to back, the driver being mounted on the "well," or on the center directly behind his horse. The ride was delightful. The road, though crooked and up-hill and down, was hard and smooth, and the scenery was very fine. The Castle stands on the top of a high ledge of limestone, perpendicular on one side, and the ground receding from the other in a fine lawn, scattered over with the largest and finest trees I have seen in this country. It is the largest and most perfect of any castle I have yet seen. The walls are 17 feet thick at the base, and rise to the height of a hundred feet. They are surmounted by a tower which projects some 3 feet, supported by large stones getting out of the main wall, and leaving apertures down which darts, javelins, stones and other deadly missiles could be hurled upon an attacking foe, when collected to batter down the walls. The Earl's room was in the 2d story. The floor is gone, but the mantle is perfect. His bed room, dressing room, &c., was on the north side, where there is a small window looking out on the precipice below. Over this was the kitchen, and above all, was the chapel, and in a projection the fireplaces in which water was heated to pour upon the enemy! Each of these stories was reached by a winding stairway in the northeast corner which extends to the top, over which rises a high turret above the rest of the building. In the top of this turret is the famed "Blarney stone," which is said to impart a wonderful charm to all who kiss it, enabling them to speak in a manner peculiarly attractive and pleasing to most people! It is a simple smooth boulder of a bluish color, a foot or so in diameter, with letters upon it, which cannot be deciphered. The stone, like that in the Kaaba at Mecca, is pretty well worn, for many a kiss has been impressed upon it by those who have desired the influence of its charms. A portion of it was rudely broken off, last year, and carried away; but there is sufficient left for all the lovers of "blarney" to kiss for centuries to come. I hope our readers will not suspect me of being too much under its influence when I confess I obeyed the instruction of the loquacious old lady conductress, who honored us with her presence to the top, "because we were Americans, and did so kind an act to the poor sufferers of her country last year." We did actually kiss it "three times." She said, "sure and every body kisses it, or why else should they come here."

On the east front are the ruins of the dwelling connected with the castle. The spacious walls are still standing, though in a dilapidated condition. Beneath the north east corner is the dungeon, a dismal hole, lighted by a round aperture not over two inches in diameter. A low, narrow stairway leads from the Castle down to it. The well was reached by the same flight, which verged to the right, near the dungeon. The stone kennel for his blood hounds is close by the dungeon, which is on a level with the ground. The whole structure was a splendid affair. I have sought to give some idea of it, for it being the first thing of the kind I ever saw, it struck me more forcibly, and besides it is in as good repair as any I have yet seen. The view from the top is extensive and beautiful. Highly cultivated fields stretch out on every side, dotted with thatched cottages, which, at this distance, appear very well. Two miles to the northwest is a large and elegant building oc-

cupied as a Hydropathic establishment, which is handsomely situated, and is said to enjoy an extensive patronage.

After our return we called on Father Matthew, but he was absent. We saw his registry of names affixed to the pledge. It numbers 5,710,700, and is daily increasing, on an average of some twenty to thirty. Everybody confesses he has done vast good, but *everybody* does not consent to take the pledge, and many, who do, it is feared, do not keep it inviolate.

I have not time to describe places, nor even relate incidents, save in a general way. So I pass away from Cork, a fine city of some 130,000 people, many of whom are in a most deplorable condition, with the simple remark that there is in it much to admire but more to lament.

Yours &c.,

W. S. B.

LETTER FROM BR. C. GARDNER.

The following letter from Br. Gardner, will be read with pleasure by all who are desirous of having a College established. He has consented to canvass Maine. A better agent could not be obtained; and we hope his success there will be equal to the importance of the object he is so desirous of accomplishing.

WATERVILLE, June 7, 1848.

BR. SKINNER—Dear Sir: I am glad to learn that you are already engaged in the labor to which you have been appointed, and that you are pressing the subscription forward, with all desirable haste, and with great omens of success. Allow me to say that a great interest is felt in the object of your movement, here in Maine; and I will not doubt that, when the proper time for action comes, that interest will be manifested in something more tangible and substantial than merely good wishes. Much will depend, however, upon the result of our efforts here, upon what you shall be able to accomplish in New York. We expect to hear a good report, and a loud report, from the great field of operations. New York is able to speak with a tone and influence which shall be heard and felt all over the Union, and give an impulse, and a quickening power, to every friend of the enterprise, in every part of the country. We doubt not that she will do this. It will be of but little use for us to move in this region, so distant are we from the centre of operations, until we can say to our friends, that New York has spoken, and has said that, with the assistance we are able to render, the work can be accomplished. Your wealthy friends in the city, among whom you are now moving, must recollect that a thousand wishful eyes are turned upon them, and a thousand hopeful hearts are beating strong with expectation, in almost every State in the Union. It is no longer needful to speak to them, or to any, elsewhere, of the importance, or of the necessity of the proposed Institution; for this is well understood, now, by all intelligent and discerning men, and by all, well-wishers to our cause, throughout the whole length and breadth of our land, with perhaps, but a very few exceptions. Questions of this kind are not now to be mooted; but the only question is, Will the friends of the present movement sustain it? I am glad that you speak with some confidence upon this point. I am glad that you do not see shadows and darkness along your pathway. I am glad that obstructions and hindrances vanish before the power of faith. I am glad that you see success in the end of your efforts. But still, I must say that the enterprise must be carried through, if at all, by a spirit of liberality among its friends, and by zealous and persevering efforts. All this, of course you know. There is a great amount of labor yet to be performed, before the needful means will be obtained, to secure the desired and expected result; and the ready and cheerful co-operation of all the true friends of the undertaking, will not be more than sufficient to carry it through successfully and triumphantly. Trusting that all in your stately

city, and elsewhere, among whom you may go, in the pursuit of the necessary means, will be ready and willing to do their duty, and discharge their obligations to the sacred cause of Humanity, we shall bid you God speed, and think only of success.

Yours, Respectfully and Truly,

CALVIN GARDNER.

LETTER FROM BR. AVERILL.

The following was received from Br. J. P. Averill, under date of June 16th. Whilst we agree with him in deploring the unfortunate circumstances that have hitherto retarded the prosperity of our cause, in the region of which he speaks, we rejoice to learn that a more propitious state of things has commenced, and that there is so much of encouragement and of hope for the future. Who among our younger brethren will respond to the call for more preachers at the West?

"I will, as I have some spare paper, say a few words in regard to the prosperity of Liberal Christianity in this part of our master's heritage. I have been laboring in the Gospel Ministry in the West, for about two years, and think I am somewhat prepared to judge, in regard to our situation. From the too flattering notices of the prosperity of Universalism in the West, found in our eastern papers, I had formed too exalted an opinion of our real condition. There are many evils to be removed before we can occupy as elevated a position West as we do East.

"Among the evils which exist in the West, I would mention looseness of faith, or skepticism, as an important evil. This state of things has been produced by natural causes; it has been effected by the peculiar style of preaching in the West, and perhaps in all new countries. It has been the case for years past, if a clergyman could not get a support at home, either in consequence of inabilities, or want of moral character, he has gone West, where it was supposed that spiritual food, though poor would be preferable to hunger, and the style of their preaching, and the conduct pursued by professed preachers has brought Christianity into disrepute in many minds. This is a great evil, and has done great harm to the cause of religion. It has been supposed that all the recommendation a preacher wanted, was to say, I am from the East, the place of light, of knowledge and moral worth, although he might be destitute of every desirable quality. But thank the Lord those days of credulity are past—it is now no recommendation for a person to say, I am from the East, I am a Roman, for people now look upon those boasters as being obliged to flee their country, for reasons not given. A want of zeal, here, as in all other places, is a dead weight to our prosperity. Ignorance of our views, and the misrepresentations of bigoted men, serve to keep the minds of many in Egyptian darkness.

"There are openings for laborers, who are wanted to sow the seeds of truth. Young men, zealous and self sacrificing, and enterprising young men, who are willing to labor hard for a moderate support, for the purpose of building up, and giving permanency to the Gospel of Christ. If you have any such, send them on, and we will try and impress the motto "Better rub than rust," upon their minds.

"The good cause is onward, and I trust the day is dawning, and that soon its radiant beams, will warm up the lukewarm spirit—quicken into life the drowsy powers—and that truth will spread from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth."

J. P. AVERILL."

STERLING, MASS.

Br. S. A. Davis, late of Quincy, Mass., has received and accepted an invitation to settle as pastor of the Universalist Society in Sterling, Mass. He is a worthy Brother and a zealous Christian.

INFANT DAMNATION.

Quite an animated discussion has been had between the Puritan, (old School Orthodox) and the Christian Register (Unitarian) of Boston, on the question, whether the doctrine of Infant damnation, was ever held by the orthodox church.—The Puritan had the hardihood to deny the fact, and with some degree of warmth pronounced the charge a calumny, and demanded the proof. The Register in responding to this demand, produced the following evidence, which we present to our readers for the purpose of showing, not merely the hideous deformity of the errors that were once incorporated into the creed of the popular church, but the mighty progress which more liberal sentiments have made within the last few years. We quote from the Register :

There is a poem extant entitled "The Day of Doom, By Michael Wigglesworth, A. M., Teacher of the Church in Malden, in N. E." A copy is before us bearing the imprint of "Charles Ewer: Boston, 1827." Six editions of this poem had been published up to 1715, and Mr. Ewer's is printed from the sixth. The Puritan will hardly repeat his charge of slander, we think, against those who say that there has been preachers among the Orthodox, especially the Calvinists, who have taught the damnation of infants. The following stanzas are to the purpose :

Then to the Bar, all they drew near
who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally.
But from the-womb unto the tomb
were straightway carried,
(Or at the last e'er they transgressed.)
who thus began to plead:

Then answer-ed the Judge most dread,
God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
— and only his Trespass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners may expect,
Such you shall have; for I do save
none but my own elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell.
The glorious King, thus answering,
they cease and plead no longer:
Their consciences must needs confess
his Ransoms are the stronger.

What sort of a room this easiest in Hell is, where non-elect infants lie, Wigglesworth describes below :

The least degree of misery
there felt's incomparable,
The lightest pain they there sustain
more than intolerable.

But God's great power from hour to hour
upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot,
nor by its force expire.

On the 28th of August, 1746, the Rev. Philemon Robbins of Bradford, Connecticut, was cited to appear before the Conociation of New Haven County, to answer to several articles of complaint, among them was the following :

"That he, the said Mr. Robbins, had in public taken it upon him to determine the state of *Infants dying* in infancy, declaring that they were as *odious in the sight of God as snakes and vipers* were to us; and left it wholly in the dark whether there were any saved or not."

In his vindication Mr. Robbins said, "In a sermon, as I was laboring to confute an error which I apprehended was embraced by some of my people, viz : that the death of Christ not only satisfied for, but wholly took away original sin from all persons, I said, even *Infants* were by nature children of *wrath*, and while unsanctified were as *odious* in the sight of God as *snakes and vipers* are to us; adding, that serpents, when just come into the world, were not odious on account of any mischief they had done, but because of their serpentine nature; but as to their salvation, no doubt but multitudes of them were saved."

Trumbull's History of Connecticut, Vol. II. pages 210, 213.

A copy of the confession of faith of the Old South Church, printed for the use of the Church, by Crocker & Brewster in the year 1841, chap. 10th, "On effectual calling," reads as follows:

"*Elect* infants dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ, who worketh when and where, and how he pleaseth : so also are all other elect persons who are *incapable of being outwardly called* by the ministry of the word.

Others *not* elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet not being effectually drawn by the Father, they neither do nor can come unto Christ, and therefore cannot be saved."

We think that it would be more honorable, as well as christian in our Calvinistic brethren, now that they have abandoned their errors, candidly to confess the fact, than to attempt to conceal the truth by a dogged and obstinate denial of that which is capable of being sustained by such an array of testimony.

S. C. B.

PEACE ON EARTH.

What doctrine is better calculated to promote peace among men than the doctrine of Christ? He has taught us truths as ample as the wants of the mind, and as comprehensive as the human race. He was no superficialist. He saw the result of the faith he taught, and that that result would be to save men from erroneous conceptions of both God and men.

The Christian system is pre-eminent above all others, for its peace-imparting power, as it is the only one that recognises God as the universal Father, and all men as brethren. This is its primary instruction. It, therefore cannot do otherwise than encourage peace on earth, and good will among men.

Any religion that will do this, will exert a good influence in society, while all theological instruction that is opposed to this, is not of God, or profitable to men. Let us try the spirit of each of the systems of faith presented for consideration with the fullest assurance, that the one that imparts to the believer the most peace, and will admit of the faith of all, is the most consonant with christianity. We claim this for Universalism, but can it be claimed for any other system of faith? Let facts answer.

J. S. P.

BR. THOMAS S. KING.

By a letter received from Br. King, we learn that, in consequence of his ill health, he has concluded to accept an offer to take a trip to Fayal, one of the Western Islands. We are glad that an opportunity for such a voyage, was presented, for we are certain that the state of his health required relaxation from study and labor. We hope that he will have a pleasant trip, and return greatly recruited. The Western Islands are in the Atlantic Ocean, under the government of Portugal.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Excursion of the Newark, N. J. Sunday School, will take place on Tuesday, 11th of July. Will our friends around Newark make their arrangements to be with us on that occasion, and enjoy a pleasant Pic Nic? Further particulars hereafter.

REV. THEODORE CLAPP'S DEFENCE.

Our readers are aware by this time, that the sermon which we published from him upon the subject of Hell, and which originally appeared in the Picayune of New Orleans, produced a profound sensation throughout the South. So much so indeed, that the orthodox clergy have become alarmed, and taken the field against him. Among them is a gentleman by the name of J. C. Keener, whose articles appeared in one of the New Orleans papers.

We propose to make such extracts from Mr. Clapp's replies as we think will particularly interest our readers. As he is a man of very high standing, and of commanding influence in New Orleans, and was formerly a Presbyterian Clergyman, his articles to us possess a peculiar zest. He introduces himself to Mr. Keener thus:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PICAYUNE.

NEW ORLEANS, May 28, 1848.

Gentlemen—You will very much oblige the undersigned by inserting in your useful and widely-circulated paper, a few short criticisms on the sermon of the Rev. J. C. Keener, published in the Delta, of last Sunday. I will endeavor to give to the animadversion which may be offered the form best adapted to promote the progress and discovery of the truth with respect to a solemn and important feature of our holy religion.

THEODORE CLAPP.

No. II.

The Rev. J. C. Keener inquires, "What instances are on record of persons having come out of hell who were once in?" A case in point would save the gentleman a great deal of argument. We read that Jonah was once in hell, and that he was delivered out of it. Jon. ii. Again: Psalm lxxxvi. 13, it is mentioned that David was delivered from the *lowest hell*—the lowest place of eternal misery. Mr. Keener informs us that *hades* means hell. Now it is admitted by every orthodox commentator and divine that all the inhabitants of *hades* will one day be taken out of it. "And death and *hades* were cast into the lake of fire." "O death! where is thy sting? O *hades*! where is thy victory?" All agree that these last words are a quotation from the 13th chapter of Hosea, verse 14. It runs thus: "I will ransom thee from the power of *hades*. O *hades*! I will be thy destruction!" (See Adam Clarke on this text.) Professor Stuart, a firm believer in endless misery, says: "A time is to come when death and *hades* are no more to exercise any power over the human race." Once more: Jesus Christ descended into hell. Psalm xvi. 10: Acts ii. 33. No one believes that he is there now. I could quote many other texts of a similar import. These will suffice for the present.

Mr. Keener may object to the quotations which I have made on the ground that they are mis-translations. If so, being an accomplished Hebrew and Greek scholar, he will confer a great favor on the ignorant by giving us a version corresponding with the sense of the originals. In future numbers I shall attempt to notice the principal errors in Mr. Keener's sermon. Their appropriate name is legion. As this subject is now fairly before the public, I hope it will be kept there until it is thoroughly and impartially investigated.

The next letter is equally "short and sweet." Mr. Clapp uses no unnecessary words, but always speaks to the point.

TO REV. J. C. KEENER.

No. 2.

Sir—You say that the Savior contradicts the doctrine of which I am the humble advocate, in John viii.—21: *Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me and shall die in your sins: whither I go ye cannot come.* Here you take for granted the very thing in debate; as you have done in every one of your proof texts. In all your windy discourse I cannot find a valid argument against me. It is made up of gratuitous assertions. You assume that Jesus meant to say: "I am going to heaven; but you vile sinners will never see that blessed world." What says your own Adam Clarke on this passage? "When your calamities come upon you, ye shall in vain seek for the help of the Messiah, whom you now reject, and whom ye shall shortly crucify." There is not the slightest allusion in this note to either heaven or hell. Grotius, Kuinoel, Doddridge, Calmet, Elsley, Lightfoot, Whitby, and every orthodox commentator whom I have examined, adopt essentially, the interpretation of Adam Clarke.

But you may inquire: Do not the words of the text naturally imply that the Jews would *never* go where Christ was going? I answer, no. Our Savior never spoke of present time. He did not say that the Jews would never be able to come to him through all eternity. It might have been impossible for them to come at that time; at some future time it may be possible for them to come. But if the text proves the eternal punishment of the unbelieving Jews, then it may be demonstrated that the twelve apostles are *now* in hell. John xiii.—33: "*As I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come. So now I say to you.*" When one of the disciples asked for an explanation, Jesus said I mean "that thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards." The same explanation may be applied to the other text. They could not follow Christ then, but they would at another time. Paul says, that blindness in part has happened to Israel, until the fulness of the gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, there shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, *that he might have mercy upon them all.*

We do not publish Mr. Keener's productions for the reason that Mr. Clapp presents to the public his arguments in full force. One more letter must suffice for the present number of the Star.

TO THE REV. J. C. KEENER.

No. 3.

Sir—Matt. xxvi.—24, according to your interpretation, proves the doctrine of endless misery: "But woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born." You are no doubt familiar, with that standard work, "*Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.*" We are there told that in explaining a text of the gospel, we must give to its words and phrases the same sense in which they were used by our Savior and his apostles. I beg leave to refer you to the words of Dr. Adam Clarke, the great Methodist commentator, on this subject, being a part of a very full note at the end of Acts chap. 1. After expressing the opinion that the above mentioned text does not refer to their reversible doom of Judas in the eternal world, he produces several examples from the Jewish writings to prove the precise import of the phrase, "*it had been good for that man if he had not been born*" in the time of our Savior. He then proceeds thus: "These examples sufficiently prove that this was a common proverb, and is used with a great variety and latitude of meaning, and seems intended to show that the case of such and such persons was not only very deplorable but extremely dangerous *but does not imply the positive impossibility either of their repentance or salvation.* The utmost that can be said is this: Judas committed a heinous sin; but he repented, and did what he could to undo his wicked act. And I contend further that there is no positive evidence of the final damnation of Judas in the sacred text." In the time of Jesus Christ, the Jews used to say, "If a man be parsimonious to the poor, *it had been good for that man had he never come into the world.*" "If one performs the law, not for the sake of the law, *it were good for that man had he never been created.*" We have similar proverbs at the present day. Speaking of the confirmed inebriate, it is said "*he is perfectly ruined.*" Now if this language occurred in the New Testament, adopting your logic, we might say it is impossible for this sinner ever to repent, because this would falsify the declaration of sacred writ, that he is in a state of absolute, complete and perfect ruin. Your error consists in regarding figurative language as literal, and in applying to eternity what our Savior intended should apply only to time. Why taking the same liberty with Bible terms, I could deduce from revelation the grossest absurdities. I could prove that God himself has a body like us—eats, drinks, sleeps, and is subject to all the vicissitudes and allotments of mortality. Once allow divines to give what meaning they please to the words of scripture, and the Bible becomes good for nothing; it must be surrendered into the hands of its enemies. In the days of Jesus Christ, the text in question was used figuratively to designate the condition of any one who was very wicked and miserable; but, according to your reasoning, it is absurd to call any one miserable *here* who is destined in some unknown evolution of eternity, to repent and go to heaven. I am astonished that a person who has mind enough to perceive that two and two make four, could deceive himself or others by such barefaced sophistry. Matt. xxvi.—24, has no more bearing on the doctrine which we are discussing than the first verse of the Bible: "*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*"

Respectfully Yours,

T. CLAPP.

P. S.—In reply to my first number, you say; that you do

not object to my quotations, but to my *comment* on them. Now Sir, I have offered no comment on the text quoted. I do not say that the *lowest hell*, from which David was delivered, was the place of eternal misery—I do not believe it was. But my opposers say the English word hell, in the Old Testament, signifies a place of eternal punishment. To that fact I allude. It is best to stick to the truth and keep cool. I have simply quoted certain passages of scripture, without note, in which both the good and the bad are represented as being brought out of hell. You say my referring to these texts proves what you had said about my notions of man's destiny in the future state; you make a public call for texts of scripture of a certain description. I merely name the texts, and you say this shows that I confound the *sublimest virtue with vice*, raise the *wicked to the level of the good*, and sink the *good to the fate of the bad*. To me, Mr. Keener, your reasoning seems quite incomprehensible. You say the quotations do not meet the difficulty. Hosea, and Paul tell us that countless millions will one day be delivered from hades, which you affirm means hell, in the New Testament. If your sermon be true, then the difficulty is, to my mind, completely solved.

—Star in the West.

BLEECKER STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The annual excursion and Pic Nic, of the Bleecker St. Sunday School, will take place on Wednesday, July the 12th.

Biddles Grove, on Staten Island, (opposite Perth Amboy) has been selected, which for beauty of location—extent and variety of scenery and general adaptedness for such occasions, cannot be surpassed by any grove within fifty miles of this city. Since last season the proprietor has introduced many decided improvements. The walks have been handsomely laid out and graded—two sparkling fountains have been introduced, a sufficient number of tables and seats have been erected to accommodate any number that may favor the grounds with a visit, and an abundant supply of pure spring water (which is always an important desideratum,) can be had upon the ground.

The commodious Steamer North America, has been chartered for the occasion, together with Dingles celebrated Washingtonian Brass Band, which will discourse sweet music to enliven the occasion. In getting up this excursion the committee will spare neither pains nor expense, in making it worthy of patronage, and they confidently hope that their efforts to please, and render a large band of children happy, will be responded to by a large company. The boat will leave the foot of Canal street at 6 1-2 o'clock Hammond street at 7, and Catherine street at 7 1-2 o'clock, and proceed down the bay, taking the outer passage, and return by the inner passage, thus affording a pleasing variety in the sail, returning in season to reach the city before dark. Tickets 50 cents each, may be had of Mr. Daniel Lane, corner of Hudson and Charles street, J. C. Brinck, 256 Bleecker street, Van Buren's Book Store, Bleecker street, opposite the Church, G. Gilroy, 270 Hudson street, and at the wharf on the morning of the excursion.

Since the commencement of the Mexican war, a celebrated maker of cork legs at Meredith N. H., has received on an average one application a day for cork legs, the price of which is one hundred and fifty dollars.

THOMAS SNOWDEN, Esq. who for many years past has had the superintendence of the printing department of the *Courier and Enquirer*, died on Tuesday morning after a short illness, aged about 58 years. He was an upright and estimable man, and has been for many years connected with the daily press of this city.

A NAPOLEON AT WEST POINT.—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore, has been appointed a cadet at West Point. He is, we presume, a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte. Madame Bonaparte, who was first wife of Jerome, was a widow lady of Baltimore—a Mrs. Patterson.

ANTIDOTE ANALYZED.

We have received from the author, Br. Orrin Roberts, an 18 mo. book 338 pages, in review of a pamphlet entitled "An Antidote for the doctrine of Universal Salvation," by John G. Stearns. The work before us, consists of 13 Lectures which were delivered in the village of Henback Lake, N. Y. Judging from the copious table of contents, Br. Roberts has fully analyzed the Antidote, and shown that its author is a quack who cannot distinguish health from disease.—It is a painful work to reply to a pamphlet so full of abuse and falsehood, and of low sophistry, as the one by Mr. Stearns.—He calls it the mightiest weapon ever wielded against Universalism. Modest man! It no doubt appears mighty to him. The fly said *what a dust we raise!* Br. R. has done good justice to his subject, and is entitled to the thanks of our denomination. This work is for sale by himself, at Lakeville, N. Y., Br. S. R. Smith, Buffalo., and Br. Wm. Hughes, Rochester. O. A. S.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

The following beautiful hymn was written by Br. L. J. Fletcher, and sung at his installation in Lowell, Mass.

When Jesus bade his followers go,
And preach the Gospel in his name,
'Christ crucified' they were to know
And teach with tongues of cloven flame.
This potent word, an armor strong,
Prevailed against the hosts of sin;
It crushed the powers of giant wrong,
And ushered brighter ages in.

By this, the blind received their sight,
And this, the wounded spirit healed;
It raised the dead; and in its light
Was immortality revealed.
This truth, thy faithful seedsmen, Lord,
Have scattered here in hopeful years;
Have lived to see their rich reward,
And reap, where they have sown in tears.

And now, O Father, smile again,
On thy young servant, who appears
Together in the ripened grain,
And sow the seed for future years.
'Christ crucified'! Be this to him
The central truth of Gospel light,
Until with age, his eyes grow dim—
Till faith is lost in rapturous sight.

AGENT IN MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

We rejoice to have it in our power, to say, that owing to the liberal increase of our patronage in the above named place, we have made arrangements with Mr. Wm. Woodward, at whose News Office subscribers will hereafter find their papers, to act as our agent. He will receive subscriptions and is fully authorized to receipt for the payment. As we have made arrangements to have the paper sent free of postage, we shall feel grateful to our friends, for any assistance in extending our circulation.

AGENT IN HARTFORD, CT.

It will doubtless be gratifying to our subscribers in Hartford, as it is to us, to learn, that the generous encouragement recently offered us, has enabled us to make arrangements with Messrs. Pease & Bowers, to have our paper left at their News Office free of postage. Pease & Bowers are authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for the payment. May we not hope that this arrangement will prove so acceptable, as to lead to a further increase of patronage?

New Publications.

AID TO IRELAND.—Such is the title of a pamphlet of 186 pages Octavo, published by the General Relief Committee, appointed by the inhabitants of the city of New York, to devise measures, for the relief of the suffering starving poor of Ireland. The details of the proceedings of the committee, contained in this pamphlet, will be read with pleasure, by all the friends of suffering humanity.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET.—Edited by Rev. Francis C. Woodworth. Though some of the articles in this periodical, are occasionally tintured, with more of the partialist notions of the Editor, than is agreeable to our taste, yet we seldom, fail to find in the perusal of it much that is unexceptionable, in its character, and excellent in spirit and manner. With the exception above referred to, we regard it as one of the very best publications extant, for the entertainment and instruction of the youthful mind. The July Number has made its appearance in season, filled with its usual variety of useful and entertaining articles.

AN UNIVERSAL HISTORY, of the most remarkable events of all nations, from the earliest period to the present time.—Forming a complete History of the World. New York; William H. Graham, Tribune Buildings—Price 25 cts. per number.

The 4th number of this valuable and interesting publication has made its appearance, and judging from the specimens already received it promises to be a work of rare excellence and importance.

VIRTUE'S BIBLE.—Parts 51 and 52 of the Illustrated Family Bible have been received. They contain an engraving of "Mathew's Parable," and for a family Record. Price 25 cts. 26 John St. N. Y.

EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The 2d number of this splendid Magazine has been received. It is filled with choice reading, and elegantly printed. Geo. Combe & Robert Cox, Editors. Fowler & Wells, N. Y. Publishers.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The July Number of this popular Periodical, has made its appearance in good time, and is filled with more than its usual variety of excellent and entertaining reading. Among its embellishments we notice a finely engraved likeness of Lamartine, with an interesting Biographical sketch, by F. J. GRUND.

AN OFFERING ON RELIGION.—We have at last received a copy of Br. J. J. Austin's work on Religion. It is a neat miniature volume of 180 pages, done up in good style. It is composed of poetry and prose, and is highly creditable to the author. It breathes an excellent spirit and is well calculated to do good.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.—This is a work published by Harper & Brothers, containing sketches of travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Great Britain, and Ireland, with an Appendix containing observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions. Its author is John W. Corson, M. D. From a hasty glance at the work we think it well written, and one of great merit. Every thing relating to the countries visited by the writer is of peculiar interest at the present time. It is published in two parts at 75 cents.

KINGS AND QUEENS; OR LIFE IN THE PALACE.—Such is the title of a volume of 312 p. 12 mo. recently given to the public in the usually neat style of the publishers, Harper and Brothers, 92 Cliff St. The volume before us contains historical sketches of Josephine and Marie Louisa, Louis Philippe, Ferdinand of Austria; Nicholas, Isabella, II: Leopold, and

Victoria. The work is particularly valuable and interesting as affording an insight into the private character, manners and habits, of a class of persons, who have hitherto been known only in their capacity as the rulers of different nations; but whose private history affords much that is calculated to amuse as well as instruct the reader.

MARY GROVER, or the trusting wife; a domestic temperance tale, by Charles Burdett. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1848. This volume professes to give a simple, undorned narrative of actual incidents, in the form of a narrative designed to illustrate the dangers and horrors of intemperance. With the exception, a fault which is quite too common in works of this nature, that it is spiced occasionally with the author's doctrinal views in religion, we judge the work to be an excellent one, and its publication well calculated to subserve the interests of the cause of temperance.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.—Illustrated by six hundred beautiful designs on wood. Part 5 of this elegantly illustrated work has been received. Harper and Brothers, N. Y.

WILLIAM THE COTTAGER, by the author of Ellen Herbert; or Family Changes. This is a very neatly printed book, and is enriched by several pretty and appropriate engravings. The story is one of real interest, and will be exceedingly popular among the young folks. Harper & Brothers Publishers.

Miscellaneous Department.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Can the sigh be poured for the early dead,
On their pillows of dust reposing?
Should the tear of Pain in that hour be shed,
When the earth o'er their slumber is closing?
Should the winds of heaven in evening's hour
Bear the sighs of laden bosom,
When the young are borne from affliction's power,
Like the Spring's unsullied blossom?
Ere the blight of crime on the spirit came—
Ere passion awakened its inward flame;
While the heart was pure, while the brow was fair,
Ere the records of Evil had gathered there?

They have passed from shadows that haunt us round
From the clouds that enshroud existence.
When we look at Youth in the backward ground,
And at Death in the forward distance!
No more will the sombre pall of fate,
Like a mantle around them gather;
They have gone, ere affliction grew desolate,
Or hope's garland began to wither,
And they sleep like stars in the upper air,
And the skies of evening are deep and fair;
There's a halo of peace where their ashes lie,
As the ambient night winds are hurrying by.

They are blest in death!—for no bitter care
Will the fevered brow be flushing;
They departed while being was bright and fair,
While the fountains of feeling were gushing;
Then let them sleep "in their lowly bed;"
Let hope be amidst our sorrow;
There is peace in the Night of the early dead—
It will yield to a glorious morrow!
They will rise like buds from the glebe of spring,
When the young birds play on the changeable wing;
They faded ere sin could beguile the breast;
They will wake in the regions of endless rest!

LEAFY JUNE.

CONCLUDED.

Among all that we have to say of things in June, the insect tribes must not be forgotten:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

and the butterflies, how numerous, how varied, how beautiful

are they! The busy ants claim a passing notice, and the extensive family of the sheath-winged insects offer many objects worthy of our admiration. Whoever walks along a country road or hill-side path at this season will scarcely fail to observe an insect of the beetle kind, (we know not its scientific name) which rolls up its eggs in a little ball of dirt, and then, with infinite toil, transports the ball from place to place. It is curious and interesting to observe how indefatigably the little creatures (for there are almost always two of them) pursue their task; and sometimes it is not a little amusing in going up a hill, to see the ball slip from their grasp, and in an instant make "a retrograde movement backward," which it will take them hours to recover. Nothing daunted, however, they quickly run back, seize, it, and recommence the ascent; and the humane traveler steps aside, and leaves them to their labor.

"An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will step aside, and let the reptile live."

We once heard an old lady say to her grandchild, a little boy of four years old:

"See! child, there's a caterpillar; *kill it!*"

And the little fellow, with an aspect of fiendish exultation, stamped his foot upon the creature, a large brown hairy one, and crushed it to death, his small shoe being all smeared with the thick green slime that oozed from its shattered body. Bah! We turned away, involuntarily repeating to ourself the fine lines of Cowper:

"I would not number in my list of friends
Though graced with polished manners and finesence
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

It is very true that caterpillars are noxious animal, and do sometimes devour buds and leaves precious in the sight of men, it is true, moreover that we were once grievously stung in the back of the neck by a caterpillar which had crawled thereon from the wall against which we were unsuspectingly leaning, "each particular hair," of the said caterpillar having been inserted into the cuticle of our said neck, and having caused on it an extensive and painful inflammation; but for all that, we could not help being shocked at seeing an infant thus taught to be cruel, and almost fancied we saw in the little fellow before us as the germs of a future Domitian, that "bold bad man," who, when he had no human heads to cut off, amused himself by pulling off the legs and wings of flies.

Happy are they who in every flower that blooms and every animal that breathes, behold the reflection of the God that made them, and respect them for his sake; happy, thrice happy, they who in the God of nature see also the God of revelation, and have found in the same Being who "clothes the lilies of the field" and feeds the young ravens when they cry," a Savior and a friend, "a very present help in trouble."

O June! charming June! how manifold are thy delights!
We love thee, O sweet June! most dearly do we love thee! And during thy pleasant days,

"How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, or meditate, or write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep, at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease."

But hark! the voice of bitter lamentation breaks upon the ear. Ah! 'tis sheep-shearing, for June, as Spenser reminds us, "works as well as plays." Urged by the united efforts of "men, boys and dogs," the "soft, fearful people" are driven to the appointed place, and the trenched shears is plied from morning till night; while the poor little lambs, separated from their mothers huddle together in a corner, or run wildly about, and fill the air with their melancholy bleatings. Ever and anon, as a sheep denuded of her fleece escapes from the hands of the shearers, half-a-dozen lambs run up to her in hopes to find their own beloved parent; but so changed is the aspect of the sheep, that even her own lamb does not know her, and hurries, terrified and amazed, away from the very

"Mother that watched o'er his childhood."

The poor sheep, astonished and bewildered by the strangeness of the whole thing, bleats plaintively in her turn; and the lamb instantly recognising his voice, though it knew not her forms, rushed back to her, and in a little time may be seen busily and energetically draining "the deep pure fountain of young life." The recognition, however, does not always take place so speedily; and the mournful and mutual bleatings, modulated to every

pitch of which the voice of the sheep is capable, are kept up during the whole of the night succeeding the shearing.

We could discourse of the straw-berry-gatherings; picking the wild-strawberries that grow in rich profusion on the hills; we could tell, too, of botanical excursions; of gardening, of picnic parties, and many other things that are "pleasant in June; but we know, O most patient reader! that thy forbearance is by this time nearly exhausted, and as we would fain part friends with thee, we will not tax it any more at present.

In conclusion, then, we would only, in the beautiful language of Mrs. James Gray, say to the pale brown denizen of the city, at this delightful season;

"Go forth into the country
From a world of care and guile,
Go forth to the untainted air,
And the sunshine's open smile:
It shall clear thy clouded brow,
It shall loose the wordly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil!

"Go forth into the country,
It hath many a solemn grove,
And grassy altar 'midst the hills.
Sacred to praise and love.
And while with grateful fervor
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the power that formed them all,
O holy christian man!"

—Knickerbocker Magazine for June.

AFFECTING STORY OF AN OUTLAW.

BY JOHN NEAL.

There was a man by the name of Hays, who, in consequence of I know not what violation of the law, had betaken himself to the region along our frontier, which the King of the Netherlands thought proper to recommend the abandonment of, not long ago. Hays has been educated, and was a fiery, intrepid fellow.

"Sir," said he to me one day, "I'm a sad fellow—very childish, very wicked, and of course very wretched. I am a fool I know,—but I can't help it. I never see a fur cap of that color, pointing to his own, which lay steaming on a kettle, before a huge roaring fire—"on the head of a boy without feeling as if I could cry my eyes out. I have been, what you told me you once were—a husband and father, a proud father, and a happy husband. You remember the fires we had in 1824? Well I had camped out that fall, and was making a fortune, how and with what view, is nobody's business. You needn't stare; I saw the question rising to your throat. Well, I had left my wife; no matter why, incompatibility of temper if you like. All I have to say is, that she was altogether too good for me. Had she been more of a woman and less of an angel, I should not have been what I am now—an outcast—a wanderer—a hunted outlaw. Oh, you needn't stare. I've told you about all that I mean to tell on that head.

Well we separated. In plain English, I ran away and left my wife; taking with me only one child, my poor dear Jerry—the only child I was sure of; for between ourselves, my good sir, the devil had put into my head to be jealous of my poor wife—and so I left her all the children with gray and blue eyes and took with me the only one that resembles me. Ah, if you could have seen that boy's eyes! They were like sunshine, though black as death. Well, Jerry and I got along pretty well for nearly three years, when one day I received a letter from my wife, saying that Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue eyed babies were in their graves; two were drowned in each other's arms—the other died of a broken heart; a mere baby, but pined itself to death after I disappeared; she told me so, and I believed her; asking for farther, poor farther, a hundred times a day, whenever it awoke in the night, and dying, literally dying with that word upon its lips. What could I say; I knew that I had wronged her: that I was a fool and a madman; but what could I say.

Well our arrangements were made, and I set off to meet her; leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him, until I got back. To be sure that Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, was tied to the post of his trundle bed; telling him to stay there until I returned with his mother, which might be in the course of that afternoon or night fall."

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a lower and steadier, though much altered tone.

"Well, sir, we met once more, and she forgave me; and we

were happy. So I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle and we started together—two as happy creatures as there were on the earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even to think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep, and dreaming of his mother—his dear new mother as he called, and persisted in calling her from the moment that I told him that she was coming to live with us. Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten us. Suddenly, as we were descending the top of the hill our horse began to snort, my wife caught my arm, and as I turned towards her, I saw the western sky in a preternatural glow. The woods were on fire! before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the road of death were upon me. I tried to speak, but could not. I could only urge my wife to follow, and clapping spurs to my horse, I rode straightway to the fire. Once only did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further.

Well, I arrived at the place, and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened; half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked her for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry. Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes as if in search of something. At last, with great difficulty, she recollected herself enough to say, that she had seen the fire in time to escape with my boy—that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had not run far, she sat down to rest herself looking towards the path by which we were expected—that some how or other she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered, was something little Jerry had said about flying back to untie poor Carlo. My heart had died within me. I knew that I was childless—I knew it—don't talk to me—I knew it. And it was so. I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by fire—and a little way off lay my poor, boy with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the madhouse, at Philadelphia—and here am I, God forgive me."

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

The most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched, that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or "The Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described in the other public buildings of the country, and was so finely executed, that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain, which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and, in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance, looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us.—The figure was engraven on a massive plate of gold, of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal, that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrustated. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material, and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for the sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich material. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces,

sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there—among which the lama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which, in this instance, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

SECRET OF UNHAPPY HOMES.

Why goes forth that man on Saturday evening, from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from the engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away, while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kind word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deep depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his house? Truth has to be told; but, oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell. It is because woman does not truly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present condition of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife, she is different from what she was a mistress. She is employed in drudgery for her children and household. She neglects her dress; she forgets her manners. Her husband sees the change; does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the condition she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table; and she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much is owing to the present circumstances of social life, is true; but that much of it is changeable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of women to make their domestic life more attractive to their husbands, and more holy in its discipline and ends, than they now do. A great regularity in time—a great simplicity in dress—a more determined adherence to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others—an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations—would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they are now doing.

A CURIOUS SPRING.

There is a great natural curiosity in Delaware county, Ohio. The manner of discovery is thus related: Some time about the year 1818, two men by the names of Davis and Richards, salt boilers by profession, commenced boring for salt water in the bed of the Scioto river, near the place mentioned. After having boared about twenty feet through a solid rock, they came upon a stream of white sulphur water, of the strongest kind. The augur with which they were boring suddenly sunk something like two feet, which is probably the depth of the stream—but such was the pressure of the water that the auger was forced up again, and large weights had to be attached to it to keep it in place and enable them to bore further. They continued, however, until they got 400 feet below the sulphur stream, when they struck upon salt water. The size of the augur was about two and a half inches in diameter. When they took it out, the jet of the sulphur water rose up to the height of twenty feet above the surface of the river. In order to obtain access to the salt water beneath, they procured a strong copper pipe and attempted to force it down to the place where it was to be found. But whenever it reached the sulphur stream, such was its force and pressure, that the pipe was completely flattened, so as entirely to prevent the passage of the water through it. All subsequent attempts to insert a pipe proved abortive, and after prosecuting the work at intervals for several years, the project was abandoned entirely. After enlarging the orifice made by the augur, at the top, a wooden stock, 20 feet in height, was inserted—yet even at the top of this, such was the force of the stream, that it required the strength of two or three men to put a plug in it. From this stock, a pipe conveys the water to a spring house, on one of the bluff banks of the river. The stream has been running for 26 years, yet its strength and force are unabated. Those who have recently examined it, say that it is capable of throwing up a stream ten inches in diameter, 80 to 90 feet high; and that water can be obtained to turn a large mill.

When the beasts of the field suffer, when they fear, or when they are hungry, they send forth plaintive cries. These cries are the prayer which they address to God, and God hears them. Will man then be the only being in creation, whose voice shall never mount up to the ears of his Creator?

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

CORNELIA GRAY.

Cornelia Gray, a little girl
With laughing eye and floating curl,
Was walking with her mother, where
The wild flowers blushed serenely fair,
Making the path wherein they trod
Bright with the holy smile of God!

In silent thought they walked along,
And while the bird poured out his song
They gathered blossoms fair and gay,
And made of them a rich bouquet,
To ornament the sitting room,
And fill its air with soft perfume.

At length the happy little child
Looked up with an expression mild,
And asked her mother if she knew,
Who made the flowers that round them grew,
Who painted them in ebon fair
And gave them sweets to charm the air.

The mother said that He who made
The world in light and joy arrayed
Who hung out all the stars above,
Where smiles we cannot help but love,
Adorns the world with buds and flowers,
And waters them with gentle showers.

"Perhaps, Cornelia, you would know
The reasons why the blossoms grow?
If you will listen, I'll repeat
Some verses which are very sweet,
About the uses of the flowers,*
That beautify this world of ours!"

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have had enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herd that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

Springing in vallies green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,

Then wherefore have they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

My dear Cornelia, is not He.
Who makes them bloom so fair to see,
Who gives them all their rainbow hues,
And nightly sprinkles them with dews—
Is He not worthy of that love
Which is all other loves above?

And should not He, who is so good,
Receive our spirit's gratitude.
For all the lessons he has given,
To lead our wayward souls to Heaven?
Oh, let unceasing thanks ascend,
To Him, our best, our kindest Friend!

She made no audible reply,
The tear-drops gathered in her eye,
But they were tears of gratitude.
Called from a heart with love imbued,
And they were as acceptable
As any gift that words can tell!

Utica, N. Y.

*The use of flowers, by Mary Howitt.

HOW TO TREAT ENEMIES.

John White was a cross boy; he would strike and pinch those with whom he was at play, if they did not do all that he chose, or that he told them to do. He did not serve big boys so, for he durst not, lest they should hurt him, but he did so to boys who were not as old and as strong as he was. One day he was at play with a boy at school who was not as old as he was. This boy's name was Ned Bell. They had got a kite to fly, and Ned could not run as fast as John told him to; so John hit him a blow, and gave him a black eye. This made Ned cry; and Sam Smith, who was near them, and who was a boy of the same age as John, but not quite so tall said to Ned, "Why do you cry, Ned—who has hurt you?" and Ned said, "It was John White who hurt me; I could not run as fast as he told me to, and he struck me." At this Sam Smith said to John, "It would serve you right for me to strike you in the same way; and you know I could hurt you if I chose to try; but I do not wish to do wrong, as you have done. It is a shame that a great boy like you should strike a poor child who is much less than you are." At this, all the boys came round them, and said, "Well done Sam; you are a brave boy to take the part of a poor child. We like you for it. But as for John, we will not play with him; we are none of us as big as he is, and if we do not mind all that he says to us, he will beat us; so let us leave him. Come, Ned, do not cry, but come and play with us." So they left John, and no one would play with him. This went on for a week; he could find no one to hold up his kite, or play at ball or peg-top with him. At last Ned Bell, who was a kind boy, and did not like to see John so sad, went to him, and said, "John, I will play with you, for I do not think you will hurt me now." John said, "No, Ned, I will not strike you; and I am sure I wish I had not struck you at all. So they had a game at peg-top, and John was kind, and did not say or do a cross thing. Then Ned went to the school-boys, and said to them, "I am quite sure you need not fear to play with John White now; he is grown quite good, and will not beat us, or be cross to us, I have been at play with him for an hour, and he is not like the same boy." When the boys heard this, they said, "Well Ned, as it is you who speaks for John, we will try him," and from that time he grew as brave and kind as Sam Smith.

The Steamer C. Vanderbilt recently made her passage from New York to Stonington, 120 miles, in 6 hours and 8 minutes.

FOREIGN NEWS—ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

By the arrival of the *Britannia*, at Boston, on the 24th ult., we have seven days later news from the continent.

France is still in a state of much confusion. The Prince de Joinville arrived in Paris on the morning of the 8th ult., and was immediately arrested. It is stated that the resignation of Lamartine and Ledru Rollin was openly talked of in Paris, and suspicions were entertained that Lamartine was a party to the movement of the 15th of May. Causidere, late Prefect of Police, charges Lamartine with having supplied the arms to Sobrier, which enabled him to get up the conspiracy. Lamartine's friends allege that his aim was by making a popular demonstration, to avoid a collision in the streets of Paris. The *Presse* states that the Commission on the Constitution has decided that the political Constitution of France shall be a Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and that the project of the Constitution is to be preceded by a declaration, admitting, besides the rights already enjoyed by the people, those of gratuitous education, employment and assistance.

The Cholera is again making sad havoc in Russia. There were in one week, in Moscow, 155 cases, 57 of which terminated fatally.

It is said that Pope Pius has recovered all his popularity, and on the feast of St. Philip, the population made a brilliant manifestation in his favor.

Ireland is at present, greatly agitated. The conviction of Mitchell has not quelled the strong spirit of disaffection which prevails. The excitement created by his trial and sentence, has been seized upon and converted into a fresh engine of agitation. The sale of Mitchell's furniture took place on the 5th ult., and attracted an immense attendance; and many persons came from 40 to 50 miles in order to purchase some relic.

A brother of Mitchell's came out in the *Britannia*, and is now stopping at the Astor House.

POSTAGE BILL.—A Bill has passed the House, allowing Newspapers to go free in the County where they are published, also thirty miles from the publishing office, if out of the County. Printed Circulars, Handbills, Advertisements, &c., are charged one cent per sheet, and Magazines are allowed the same privilege of exchanging, free of postage, that Newspapers now have.

John Neal, Esq., has assumed the charge of the editorial department of the *Portland Transcript*. Mr. Neal has been connected with the public press in years past, in the capacity of editor, and has established his reputation as a writer and man of literary attainments.

INCIDENTAL ADVANTAGES OF RAILROADS.—Among the incidental advantages which may result from the opening of railroads into the interior, is the discovery of valuable kinds of stone and minerals. Thus, in cutting through the hills of Canterbury, N. H. for the Concord and Montreal Railroad, the workmen have discovered soap stone of the best quality, and apparently of considerable extent, which is of ready sale at \$20 a ton. A correspondent in the *Concord Congregational Journal* estimates the quarry at 2,000,000 cubic feet, or 166,666 tons; which at \$20 a ton, would amount to the snug little sum of more than \$3,000,000.

FATAL LEAP OVER THE GENESEE FALLS.—A daring and foolhardy young man, named Hosea Hollenbrook, who was ambitious to become another Sam Patch, leaped over the Genesee Falls at Rochester on the evening of the 15th inst. Up to last accounts his body had not been found. He had made an arrangement with some of his shopmates to help him out of the water below the Falls, as he could not swim, and made the leap for the mere purpose of showing his courage, in the belief, if successful, he would make a speculation on the 4th of July.

SCENERY IN WESTERN WISCONSIN.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* thus describes the magnificent beauty of the Mississippi country above Galena—along the western border of Wisconsin?

"And what shall I say—what may not be said of the splendor of that 700 miles of river scenery? There is nothing short of the most perfect art of the most gifted scenic painter can give an idea of it. The prairie bluffs, covered with orchards of scattered oaks, alternately green with the grass of opening spring, and yellow with the yet unburnt grass of last year's growth, ever changing in form and height, always overlooking the lake-like river and its "emerald islands," sometimes grand only, sometimes grand and beautiful at once, advancing its bold precipices to the water's edge, and receding in graceful rounded outlines into the dim distance."

"Wisconsin, in her country on the east and the west and the north in the centre and the south, presents a combination of rural beauty and productive fertility, which we believe to be unrivalled in any state in the Union. We were much impressed with the remark of a traveller, some summers since, as we were roaming over one of the interior counties of Wisconsin. He observed—"I have travelled over the prairies of California, traversed the fertile valleys of Oregon, and passed over the best of the Missouri plains and the rich lands of Iowa, and I have visited the famed valleys of the Rio Grande and the Trinity, in Texas: but," added he, with a glow of enthusiasm, "never have I seen so fair a country as this."

ANCESTRY.—Some people pride themselves greatly on the honor and nobility of their ancestry. This always appears extremely simple to us. If we have nothing to boast of ourselves,—if the world has neither been made wiser, happier or better, through our efforts and instrumentalities, all that our predecessors effected, can, legitimately, reflect no lustre upon us. Sir Thomas Overbury, on hearing a man boast of his ancestry, remarked that he was like a potato—the best thing belonging to him was under ground.

THE JEWISH MOTHER.—One of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a Jew boy, in his eagerness to get the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit and was dangerously hurt. The manager of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, where he was attended by their own physician; but, notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was buried, at the expense of the theatre. The mother came to the play-house to thank the managers, and they gave her his clothes and five guineas, for which she returned a courtesy, but with some hesitation, added that they had forgotten to return her the shilling which Abraham had paid for coming in!

NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

The New Jersey Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session at Hightstown, on the 3d Wednesday and following Thursday, 19th and 20th of July. The notice is given thus early that our friends in different parts of the State may make their arrangements to be present. And we really hope that many of them will favor us with their company on that occasion.

JAMES GALLAGER, *Standing Clerk*.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Woodbridge, N. J., next Sunday.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Gurley—I have forwarded you a package, to-day, by express. Please acknowledge, if it reaches you. T. B. T.
June 26.

REMOVALS.

Br. J. S. Palmer desires all communications intended for him, to be directed, after the first of July, to Montrose, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday evening, the 21st ult., by Rev. R. P. Ambler, Mr. EDWARD M. OSBORN and Mrs. SARAH BLOOMER. In this city, on the 20th of June, by Rev. M. Rayner, Dr. JOHN STEVENS and Miss SARAH A. CLARK, both of Boston.